LOST IN A WILDERNESS. HOW A PERSON FEELS WHEN HELP. LESS IN A PATHLESS FOREST.

Stories of Men and Women Who Have Been Lest for Days in the Addrondacks - A Brooklysite Who Trusted a Compass-Women Who Went Crany, HAREWOOD, N. Y., Sept. 10.-No novice who visits the Adirondack woods can be said to have had a complete experience or to have become a "regular" until he has had an attack of "buck fever," has been tipped over in a skiff, and has lost his reckening in the wilderness of trees and underbrush. The experiences usually come in the order indicated. By the time the inexperienced sportsman has shot his first deer and become fairly well acquainted with the trails and streams near his camp be is likely to think that he can find his way anywhere, and only the most watchful care on the part of the guides and the wiser members of his party will prevent him from having the unpleasant sensation of being left alone in the heart of the seemingly interminable forest, without knowing which way to go or how to

find his way back to his companions. It is marvellously easy to lose oneself in this great northern wilderness. It is true that there are miles on miles of trails and lumber roads, but the miles of beaten paths are as nothing compared with the extent of the untrodden wilderness. Every season several rsons are lost in the district round Cranberry Lake, and they pass a few hours or a few days, according to their luck, for from the comforts of human society. The guide who has grown up in this section and can find his way almost by instinct, as easily as a fox, will plunge into the woods, carrying only a hatchet and a gun, and will travel by the most direct way to any point he wishes to reach. The novice who takes note of this, and sees how easy it is for the guide to come out just where be expected to, is likely to try it himself when he wants to enjoy a few hours' fishing at some mountain pool that he has visited already in company with the guide.

A case in point is that of James R. Blake, was lost for two days from the camp where he was staying with a party of friends a: the head of the lake. Blake told the story of his adventure to a curious group of fellow tourists a few days after the rescuing party had returned him in safety to the hotel at the

"I tell you, bors," he said, "it is no joke to turned adrift without guide or compass in this infernal wilderness. I had only one night and two days of it, but I'm sure what I went through during that time made me ten years older. One morning I decided to try my luck at a trout pool near the head of Cherrock Creek, and, having been there before and noting carefully, as I thought, the lay of the land, I thought I could easily strike out for myself and let the rest of the party use the guides. Had I consulted any one who knew anything and followed his advice I wouldn't have been frightened out f ten years' growth.

"I remembered that when I visited the pool we rowed to the head of Cherrock Creek in the skiff, and that after landing on a sand bar at its head we cut across lots through the timber a distance that I knew could not be more than a quarte of a mile. What would be easier than to follow alone the course of a few days before. I got as far as the sand bar all right, although I had to pick my way through blind patches of driftwood, and my success gave me confidence. Having reached the bar and pulled the skiff partly out of the water, I gathered up my fishing outfit and struck out boldly into the woods in the direction which I thought would bring me, after a few minutes' walk, to an old trail where traveiling would be as plain as daylight. I seemed to be getting on finely, and tramped ahead whistling to myself, when suddenly I began to think that that was an awfully long quarter of a mile. Then I stopped and lost my ter of a mile. Then I stopped and lost my head. I am usually pretty level-headed, but I tell you that when I stopped and looked about me, seeing nothing but that awful sameness everywhere. I would have given \$50 to be safe in the camp once more. I felt sure that I had walked in a straight line, but I knew that if I had done so I must have struck the trail ten minutes before, and there wasn't a sign of a trail in sight anywhere. There was no dedging the fact that I was lost, and all the stories that I had ever heard about persons dying in the woods came into my mind. Then I did the wiest hing that I could have done under the circumstances, and that was to sit down on a log and try to get my nerves together. But the longer I remained quiet the more nervous I became. An irresistible impulse triged me to plunge recklessly into those endless stretches of trees, with the idea that I would surely strike the trail or come that I would surely strike the trail or come unexpectedly upon the skiff during my aim-

less wanderings.

"But the further I walked the more bewildered I became, and then I gave up walking and began to run. The only benefit I derived from that piece of foolishness was to get addy out of breath, and I finally was obliged to sit down through sneer exhaustion. Then it began to grow durky and it dearns! andly out of breath, and I finally was obliged to sit down through sheer exhaustion. Then it began to grow dusky, and it dawned upon me that I would probably have to pass the night alone in the woods. I didn't have even a gun with me. If I had I would probably have felt more confidence in myself. I knew perfectly well that there wasn't an animal in the mountains but would run away if I yelled at it, but nevertheless I was in such a state of nervousness that all the shadows resolved themselves into the welrd form of wolves, panthers, and bears, and I actually looked about me to find a club with which to defend myself if necessary. Of course, my visionary foes did not appear, but never in the course of my whole life did I experience such a night of misery. In spite of my nervousness I duzed off several times from pure wearlness, only to be suddenly aroused by the unearthly screech of a hoot-owl, or the operations of a hedgehog thrashing about in the undergrowth near by.

"At the first signs of daylight I gathered

only to be suddenly aroused by the unearthly screech of a hoot-owl, or the operations of a hedgehog thrashing about in the undergrowth near by.

"At the first signs of daylight I gathered myself together and started out again. I was cramped, hungry, and thoroughly exhausted. I had shouted myself hourse during the afternoon before, although I knew that there was nobody within hearing distance. I tramped on for what seemed to me endless hours, when suddenly I heard the faint sound of a waterfall coming to me out of the vast slience of the forest. I tell you that sound was to me like the sight of a lifeboat to a shinwrecked mariner. I knew that there was but one large waterfall anywhere in that section of the woods, and that that one tumbled into the trout poel for which I had started the day before. It didn't take me very long to fellow that sound to the place where it came from and in less than five minutes I tore my way through the bushes which lined the edge of the pool. But my good fortune did not end there. On the opposite side of the pool, debating, as I afterward learned, what course they should follow in order to find me, were our two guides and three of my commanions from the camp. When I had not returned the night before the guide who had taken me to the pool a few days previous made up his mind that I had undertaken to visit the place alone, and that night coming on I had either become lost or, having found the pool, had decided to spend the night there. They had started out at daybreak, and, finding my hat on the sand har at the head of the creek, had pushed on to the pool where I had so fortunately found them. In relating my experiences to the guides, they told me that I had probably waiked twenty miles without being more than a mile from the sound of the cataract. Had I kept on in a straight line after losing my bearings, within twenty minutes I would have crossed the point over which I was travelling in a circle, and would have come out upon a branch of the creek, which I could easily have followed

way anywhere by the use of a compass, but got lost before he had been in the wilderness twenty-four hours.

I was guiding a party from Brooklyn," said Thomas. "and we had a camp down the Still-water way, where the wholes are thicker than blazes. One of the party, named Wilburne, had never been in the woods before, and he was willing to learn everything except when it came to the question of Inding one's way about. You see, he had asked me if very many persons use a compass up here, and when I told him that a good many did, he said that he would be all right then, for he had brought a good compass with him. We supposed, of course, that he knew what he was talking about, and didn't say much about being careful how he travelled around through the woods.

"We got into camp at about 4 o'clock one afternoon, and bright and early the least morning Wilburne was on hand, ready, he said, to take a half-mile tramp to ge up an appetite for breakfast. He didn't show up when the meal was ready, though, and it wasn't very long before I made up my mind that he'd gone and got lost, compass and all. We all did some pretty tall yelling, but that didn't bring him back, and, leaving the breakfast dishes as they were. I started out with a searching party. We had been chrashing about among the trees and through the underbrush for mearly an hour, yelling at intervals and shooting of guns, when we heard a faint 'hello' way off in the distance. If was Wilburne answering the racket we made. We found him seated on a log nearly two miles

from camp, studying that darned old compass of his.

from camp, studying that darned old compass
of his.

"Hallo," said I, 'what are you doing here?"

"He looked so unconcerned that for a moment
I didn't think that he had been lost at all.

"Doing?" said he. "I'm trying to figure out
my reckoning."

"What's the matter? said I. 'Is the compass busted?"

"Busted? No,' said he; 'nut there's something the matter with your damned points up
here. I've followed the direction of the neadie, due north, for ower half an hour, but
something's mixed, for I didn't seem to be
able to find the camp.

"North? said I. 'Why, the camp is straight
south from here. Didn't you get your bearlings when you started out?"

"Hearlings? said he. 'Why bother about
bearings for when I've got a compass?"

"And what do you think that man, who
said be knew all about a compass, had done?
He had started right out into the woods without knowing whether the camp lay north,
south, east, or west. He thought that all he
had to do when he had walked as far as he
wanted to was to get out that compass, and
follow the direction of the needle, which would
take him back to his starting point."

On several occasions persons who relied on
a compass for keeping the right direction
have gone astray through no fault of their
own. Last season two young fellows who
went up the lake duck hunting, armed with a
compass and plenty of confidence, lost their
own, Last season two young fellows who
went up the lake duck hunting, armed with a
compass and plenty of confidence, lost their
own, because a drop of water had got into
the box of the compass during a thunder
shower and caused the needle to stick, throwing them off their course. The natives here
have very little use for the compass as a
means of telling direction.

"I tell you," says (fulds Barney Burns, "the
best plan for a man that doesn't know the
lay of the iand up here is to take along somebody who is acquainted with the country, or
eise to carry a hatchet and blaze the trees along
his track."

Even blazing is not an effective way of
marking one's

lay of the land up here is to take along somebody who is acquainted with the country, or
else to carry a hatchet and blaze the trees along
his track."

Even blazing is not an effective way of
marking one's path, unless it is carefully
done, as a young visitor found out two weeks
ago. He blazed his way across to a deer lick
on Peavine Creek, but when he started back
he found that he had marked the trees on the
wrong side, and he had to run around half a
dozen trees sometimes before he found the one
that bore his hatchet mark.

It has been a good many years since death
has resulted from visitors losing themselves
in this vicinty, but some seasons ago there
was a happening that made the tourists mighty
careful how they ventured out alone. Barney
journs and Jack Thomas were tramping along
an unused trail over beyond Hear Mountain,
where heltner guide nor fourist often go. About
three miles back from the lake they came to a
little spring, and there, leaning against a
stump, was the skeleton of a man. Both the
guides admit that they never felt more like
running than when they came suddenly upon
that ghastly figure. When they finally mustered up courate to examine the skeleton
more closely they found the rusty remains of
a rifle, but no evidence that would lead to the
dead man's identification. The case has
always remained a mystery, but one or two
of the older guides tell a story of how, some
years ag, the report came through from the
Saranac country that a man had disappeared
from a camping party and had never been
heard, of afterward. It was thought at the
time that he had been lost in the woods.

A month ago The Six printed the story of a
woman who got lost while on a fishing trip
over in the Adirondack Lodge region; she
was found by a searching party before she had
been long in the woods, hywever. There have
been several cases where women have been
lost in the forest and have not been so fortunate. Some time aroa woman tourist, who
was nearly dead from weakness and fright,
and did not realize that she had b

said Aunty.

The mistress cheerfully arose and essayed the novel task.

The key turned in its place with infinite difficulty, as if it dragged after it the whole weight of the unwilling years, and there was a strange groaning and creaking within and a convulsive shudder of the whole machinery and framework. But it began to tick and the hands began to move.

Aunty surveyed it with awe and delight.

"She goes tribulatin' along as peart as ever she did. How nachallit does sound!"

"Where did you you get such a face old relic, Aunty?" asked the mistress, noting its points.

"My ole mistr's give her to me arter the surrender. They was all broke up and the old plantation was sold and they went to N Orieans ter live. An' now, honey, I'se ready fer it de latter if you ia."

"Yes, Aunty. Who is the letter for?"

"My granddaughter. Her mother give her ter me an' I let her go to N' Orleans ter stay with her father. You see, they didn't get erlong.

"Who, Aunty? Your granddaughter and her mother?"

"Bleas yer heart, no! I mean her father an' mother, an' they separated, an' he's got another husban."

"Oh, well. I have written. My dear granddaughter. Now, what past?"

"I was mighty glad fer hear from you all an' that you was well an' don' well."

"She give one when she orter give twelve, an' she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve when she orter give twelve, and she give twelve with a fooling recliative.

The scribe looked up in bewilderment.

Aunty's gives were fixed on the clock.

"Didn't you hear her strike?"

"No, Never mind the clock now, Aunty."

"He said she were all right," mursuured hanny, sadiy.

ber, but he needn't have gone at it that reverent is sea and all. We all like, but that didn't caving the breakfast started out with a had been chrashing not through the underence, yelling at intervals then the we heard a faint istance. It was Wilnesse we made. We log nearly two miles pen with a long sigh of relief.

The but he needn't have gone at it that reverent way, it's for your granddaughter."

"Hey and now there's another one an'it's to the fer. And n

BIG ADIRONDACK FIRES. THEIR TINY BEGINNINGS AND THE PAST DAMAGE THEY DO.

every Man at Hand Must Help Fight Them

If Called Upon by a Fire Warden to As-alut Him-Some Mistoric Pires-Dangers of Pipe Smoking-Precautions of Campers HARRWOOD, N. Y., Sept. 10 .- The tourists who visit the Adirondacks are interested often in the little square placards which are found tacked to the sides of buildings, on nearly every length of fence, and on the trees far and wide. Upon these many signs, which are usually made of tough white cloth, is printed in big black letters that section of the State laws which concerns the preservation of the Adirondack forest from destruction by fire. It is not the signs themselves that so much interest the tourists as the unsuspected places where they are to be found. It is a frequent omment that the man appointed to see that the text of the law was sown broadcast throughout the woods didn't let the grass grow under his feet. One begins by finding the signs nailed up in conspicuous places along the roads leading into the woods, around each cluster of dwellings, and in all the barrooms and hotel offices in the Adirondacks. When one starts out with a guide for a hunting or fishing excursion, paddling up isolated atreams, or tramping over blind and wearisome trails, into the very heart of the forest itself, and comes suddenly upon one or more of those little cloth signs staring down from the trunk of some giant of the woods, the rare energy of

the man who did the posting is appreciated. Those who have had experience with fires in the forest know that too many of the warning placards cannot be scattered about. Up here in the words there are neither fire engines, drilled companies, nor any of the usual means of fighting a big blaze, if it once be started. And a forest fire, especially at this season of the year, is a thing of terror. Among the mountains, cut by ravines through which the currents of air sweep as through a funnel. tiny spark from a pipe or burning match may become a sheet of flame that sweeps away hundreds of acres of the finest timber land in the State. Once let the fire get under headway, and there is nothing except a continuous rain of several days that will check

the devastation, and frequently weeks pass without a drop of rain.

The laws relating to the care of fires in the Adirondacase are extremely simple, and can be carried out easily without great inconvenience to the camper or tourist. They for ild add man's identification. The case has always reminded a mysection of the same always reminded as present of the same and of the same as a contry that a man had disappeared from a camping party and had never been time that he had been lost in the woods. It is not the same and the story of a work of the same had of the story of a work of the same had never been time that he had been lost in the woods. It is not so that he had been lost in the woods, leaving a same was found by a searching party before she had been long in the woods, is weever. There have been a same that he woods had been long in the woods, is weever. There have been constructed that he woods had been long in the woods, is weever. There have been constructed to be fore she even knew that she had missed her trail one merning and became he hotely the before she even knew that she had missed her trail one merning and became he hotely that the main party, found the wormal lying in a small rayine miles away from the hotel. At the end of the second day the main party, found the wormal lying in a small rayine miles away from the hotel. For nearly a week the horrors of her experience remained fixed in her mind, never regain her reason.

A woman who was lost over in the Saranac country was found by the guides at the end of the second day and the woods had been long that he would insently. It was necessary to strap her cases have been cleared to be a started to be a strain to a little before she could be removed from the piace where the rescuing party found her remarked the party of the whole words that the woods had the woods had been long to the party of the woods and the woods had the woods had

and jest as macuficines as she ever weer; only you'll jest have been with such pieces, may ask all autity.

The key turned in the place with infinite diffication of the unwriting years, and there was a stronger grassing and creaking within and a convulsive work. But it began to tick and the lands be ward. But it began to tick and the lands be and the lands been all the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties. The properties of the pr

the loam-covered trail. It is a piece of great luck when nothing serious results.

The big hurricane of 1889, which swept down the forest over a track a mile to a mile and a holf wide and from forty to fitly miles long, was followed a few years later by a destructive fire that burned to ashes the great stretch of dead timber. The track of the wind and ensuing fire is now known as the Windfall, and the plains, valleys, and mountains swept by the fire are as open as the ordinary farming land in the more densely populated portions of the State. The Windfall is now a favorite feeding ground fir bears, rabbits, and foxes. The fire that followed the hurricane was the biggest blaze ever known in the Adirondeck region.

The guides usually are very careful about leaving fires in the woods. They recognize that too many conflagrations would hurt their business, and they do not propose to help desirroy the forest faster than the inroads of the railroad and the summer hotel manager would do so, it is usually due to carriessness of tourists and camping parties from the border country that the fire wardens have their hands full.

NEW YORK'S FIRE HORSES.

Qualifications Required and How the Hornes Are Truined. Most of the horses used in the New York Fire Department are bought in this city, where many horses are offered for sale from various parts of the country. Occasionally a few are bought at other points, as, for instance, at Buffalo. The superintendent of the department training stables, who selects the horses, is at liberty to buy wherever he can within the price The department has paid as much as \$350 each

for horses; the present limit is \$240.

The horse must be between sixteen hands and sixteen hands three inches high; must be between four and seven years old, kind and true, and intelligent. There is no restriction as to color, but roans and grays are preferred, as be-

tween four and seven years old, kind and true, and intelligent. There is no restriction as to color, but roans and grays are preferred, as being longer lived and better able to stand the strain of the work they are called upon to do. Horses are bought on thirty days' truil. If the horse is injured in the course of this time the city keeps him. It may be that horses are bought one or half a dozen at a time; it rarely happens, nowever, that the city has on hand more than three or four surpius horses; it is more likely to have not so many as that. There are always kept in the department a number of apare horses for use in emergencies; but new horses for active service are usually bought only as they are required. The superlitendent, however, is all the time on the lookout for desirable horses, and is likely to be a daily visitor at the horse market. It may be that among a thousand horses not one is found that fills all the requirements and at the same time comes within the price limit.

When new horses are required to take the place of horses permanently disabled or worn out in service, the company commander makes out a requisition, which is forwarded to the First Commissioners. If the requisition is approved the Board sends it to the superintendent of the training stables with instructions to select the horses. The superintendent knows the horses of the department; if a single horse is required he knows the incre that is to be matched and he is guided accordingly in his selection. The horse bought—one or more as the case may bear taken to the training stable. The hospital and the training stable of the fire department are in West Ninety-mith street, between Columbus and Amsterdam avenues, in a building specially designed. The superintendent is Frederick Meyer, Jr.

How long the horses stay in the training stable depends upon the urgency of the call for them by the company making the requisition. They rarely stay there more than a week; they may not be there a day. At the training stable is a four-wheeler hose ten

will be borne in mind that they are picked horses to start with, and that they are driven by a very capable driver.

It is probable that one-fourth of the new horses bought for the Fire Department go to the companies for which they are bought within two days of the time of their purchase. The horses that remain longer at the training stables are hooked up and driven daily. If they are to go out in teams they are matched up in the way they drive best, some horses doing better on the nigh side in a team and some on the off side. In this further training the gong is sounded when the horses are driven out, but they are not usually hooked up to the sound of the gong, the short time that they remain here being devoted chiefly to determining their fitness for the work, to accustoming them to the harness they are to wear, and to driving. Their training in fire dutier comes mainly after they have been taken into actual service.

When the new horse has been taken to the engine house it is led into its stail from the rear and secured there with a tie strap, which serves the purpose of a halter. The stalls in the engine houses are made open at front and rear alike. The fire horse walks into his stall from the rear, and stands in with his head to the front, ready to jump when the gong sounds. The tie strap is secured at one end by a staple driven in the side of the stall. At the other end of the strap there is a ring. The Fire Perpartment

The tie strap is secured at one end by a staple driven in the side of the stall. At the other end of the strap there is a ring. The Fire Jeparatment horse lives with its bridle on and the bit in its mouth. Rising within a little recess in the side of the stall its recess in the side of the stall its recess in the side of the stall is a spring bolt. The end of the its extra with the ring on it is passed through the throatlatch of the horse's bridle and the ring is placed over the spring bolt in the side of the stall. Hy means of a very simple mechanical contrivance operated by the same electric current that sets the engine house gong in operation, the spring bolt is pulied down whenever an alarm is sounded; the ring on the tie strap is released, and the horse is set free instantly. The trained horse springs forward to take its place under the hanging harness, beside the pole of the fire apparatus.

The new horse may be called out to a fire within an hour after it is led into its stall. In that case it would simply be led out and hooked up. It might be that the new horse would not be called to a fire in weeks, and so, as far as drill is concerned, it might co to its first fire thoroughly trained. Very soon after it has been led into its stall the active training of the new horse is begun. The engine house gong is sounded. A man standing at the horse head pulls down the spring bolt and releases the tie strap. A man standing at the rear of the stall slaps the horse on the haunch, and the man at the horse's head promptly leads him out to the pole where he is hooked up. Many horses learn on the third or fourth repetition of this lesson what it means. Within twenty-four hours after their first lesson half the horse will get out of their own accord on the signal. The majority of them will do so within two days, and within a week they get out to the pole in good style. If there are no fires to which the apparatus is called during this period, it is on some of the drill occasions driven out of the louse soon becomes accu

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BOYS ON THE GRIDIRON.

HUSTLING SCHOOL PLAYERS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

Vigorous Campaign Expected Among the Private Institutions of the Two Cities-Preparations New Going On to Select Strong Teams—Beady for Practice. There is every reason to believe that the approaching season will be a banner one for the ung athletes of the private schools belonging to the New York Interscholastic A. A. The boys are all coming back to the city from their vacations, and their only talk is on the prospects of football and indoor games. The programme of games promises to be unusually large, and it is in these games that the instructors and trainers expect to get a line on the large number of new aspirants for honors in the regular interscholastic meet which will take place at Berkeley Oval. Many of the cracks who carried off honors last year have either graduated or gone into business, but there are enough

newcomers to fill their places. The present indications are that the struggle for honors on the gridiron will be more severe than ever before. It is not at all unlikely that the fifteen schools belonging to the association will enter teams, and as great rivalry exists between the schools every game will be for blood The candidates for the eleven of the Hamilton Institute team will begin training at City Island next week. Capt. Carey will be in charge. All of last season's boys will be on hand with the exception of Henry Miller, who has gone into business. In speaking of the prospects of the

team Carey says;
"The boys of Hamilton Institute mean bus! ness this year, and nothing will be left undone to accomplish that purpose. We have been playing in hard luck right along, and I think the tide will change this season. The boys are all hard workers and good players. Last season we were handleapped by having no grounds to practise on. This time I have made arrange ments for training quarters at City Island. We have a large, roomy cottage in which one room is fitted up into a gymnasium, while the rest are occupied as sleeping apartments and dining rooms. The candidates will be taught all the tricks of the game. A great many of our games last season were lost by misunderstanding the signals, but we will have a code this year that will be thoroughly understood. I wish you would mention through the columns of your valuable paper that I will see that every schedule game will be played this season. In the late basketball series we forfeited one game, but that was not the fault of the team. Most of the boys were preparing for college, and we could not get a team to play.

Our athletic department will be greatly strengthened this year, and we expect to have strong teams in all the indoor games to be held. The new candidates are a promising set, and I think we will be in it when the proper time arrives. Mr. Shaw is more than interested in our welfare this year, and promises to give us his heartiest assistance."

Berkeley School will again be strongly repre sented on the football field. Although several of their crack players have graduated, the new boys have a fair knowledge of the game, and with a little more practise should develop into first-class pigskin chasers. The school lost a good player in C. R. Irwis-Martin, who was the most prominent member of the team last year, it was mostly due to his great playing that the team won the interscholastic championship as well as the in tercity championship. The team of '55 was coached by Harry Allen Ely, but it is not known who will look after the candidates this year. Dr. White, however, will encourage athletics among his pupils, and it is likely that Ely will be called in to develop another crack team. Practice will begin in about a week at Berkeley Oval. of their crack players have graduated, the new

The captain of the Columbia Grammer School

The captain of the Columbia Grammer School football team promises to be more prompt in getting the candidates out for practice than in previous years. There will be several positions left vacant by graduation, but some of the bovs who made the second team last year will fill the vacant places. It is not definitely known whether Bechtel will be back or not. He was the life of the team last year, and if he does not return his position will be hard to fill. To a resorter of Thit Sun Prof. Whewell said:

"There seems to be plenty of interest at this school in all kinds of sport, and the youngsters are so enthusiastic that I cannot see why we should not develop a winning team. The only drawback is that the boys lose heart when they are once defeated. I won't say all of them, but a majority do. In previous years the school was considered to be the strongest in the association, and every team that represented the school in any of the games carried off some of the honors. Last year the material picked for the football team was as good a set of school by players as one wanted to see, but in the very lirst game played the best players got knocked out, which so demoralized the rest of the team that the rould not be called together to play

football train was as good a set of schoolboy players as one wanted to see, but in the very players as one wanted to see, but in the very lirst game played the best players got knocked out, which so demoralized the rest of the team that they could not be called together to play another same.

Now take our athletic team of last year. In practice they showed up wenderfully well. One of our boys put the shot thirty-nine feet, but when it came to the regular games they were simply snowed under. It was the same way with the baseball team. The boys have the use of the Y. M. C. A. grounds at Mott Haven, and with the assistance of a trainer and myself we will try and bring the boys back to their old-time form and have Columbia Grammar School again stand foremost in every line of sport.

No preparations for athletios have been made at Condon School owing to the warm weather. The school made a brilliant showing in '95, and is expected to do the same this year. No footbail team represented the school in the series last season, and it is not known whether one will be organized for this year's campaign. The popular fall and winter pastimes at this school are handball, tennis, and fencing. The students are so taken up with this line of sport that it is hard to get together a good football or baseball team.

The prospects at Cutler School for football are knowl, insamuch as nearly all of last year's eleven will return. A call for candidates will be issued in a few days, and practice at Columbia Oval will be in order. It is likely that Duncan Harris will be an order. It is likely that Duncan Harris will be in order. It is likely that Duncan Harris will be in order. It is likely that Duncan Harris will be in order. It is likely that Duncan Harris will be more the head and everything points to a much stronger team than last year.

The football team to represent Drisler School has not yet selected a capitain to aucceed Wolff, but practice will be going on every afternoon next week on the green in Central Park under the direction

will again prove strong factors in the coming series for the football chamolouship, and Phys-ical Director Monahan will have the candidates out for practice in a few days. The team will be pretty near the same as last year, and there is a feeling among the boys that the champion-ship hanner will hang in the school building this year.

is a feeling among the boys that the chamiton ship banner will hang in the school building this year.

The feotball season for the championship of the Long Island Interscholastic Athletic League is expected to be an aggressive one. There are six schools in the league, with the chances of the Manual Training High School joining. The Brooklyn lads, who play on the parade grounds at Frospect Park, have an advantage over the local players. The park authorities of Brooklyn try to make it as comfortable as possible. Griditons are marked out and goal posts are placed in position. Then, too, they receive protection from the crowd. It is not a pleasant task to play a game in Central Park, as the spectators close in on the players and there is quite a mixing up in a scrimmace. Then, asgin, the boys have to due great deal of guessing as to the laying out of the field. To do this they use coats and other wearing apparel and it often happens that a player loses his trousers or coat after the game is over.

The Brooklyn Latin School candidates expected.

and other wearing apparel and it often happens that a player loses his trousers or coat after the game is over.

The Brooklyn Latin School candidates expect to take a conspicuous part in the fontball proceedings this season. All the candidates will be in training in a short time. The boys did not make a brilliant showing last season, owing to the light weight of the team, but the new and stocky material on hand this year makes things look bright for a winning team Dr. Harrison says the football department is at quite a disadvantage as far as material is concerned. He forbids the practice, not uncommon in some schools, of boys appearing under assumed names because parents object to their playing football. This, of course reduces the school's available force. The gymnasium will be used for special coaching in signals, while for passing and developing the cloven will go to the parade grounds at Prospect Park. The chances are favorable for Lutkins to be back to the school, which will greatly strengthen the team. Lutkins was capiain last year. He is a good punt player, with plenty of grit.

Physical Director Pettit of the Adelphi Academy is getting the candidates togsther and expects to have them out for practice in a few days. The academy has among its students a number of clever players. With the exception

of one or two new players the team will be the same as last year.

The team to represent Pratt Institute this season will comprise several of last year's players. They will report for practice at an early date.

The greatest activity prevails at St. Paul School, Garden City. The boys want to get up the strongest team that school ever sent.

More than usual interest is being manifested in the teams at the Brooklyn High School and "Poly Prep." The rivairy existing between these two institutions is intense. From onuside sources it is learned that the teams will be pretty near the same as last year.

Steps have been taken by the management of the Manual Training High School to place a football team in the field this season and join the Long Island Interscholastic League. The school was quite prominent in athletics across the, big bridge last year. If admitted to the league it will be in the place of the Bryant & Stratton school.

THE AINSWORTH THAT WAS. How a Northwestern Metropolis Aros Flourished, and Passed Away.

From the Scuttle Post-Intelligencer. The years between 1880 and 1885 were year of exceptional activity in the inland empire Eastern Oregon and Washington were experi sucing a change of life. The Indian question had been settled finally and decisively by the series of Indian wars from 1872 to 1877, and that matter was forever at rest. The great herds of cattle and horses that had been gathering and increasing over the country began to give way to the sheepman and the bunch grasser. The white-topped wagons stirred the alkali dust on the old emigrant road down the Columbia. The stream poured in an opposite direct on from that of the olden time, and the deep furrows that had been rutted by the figure 8 shoe of the ox were deepened by the toe corks of the shod horse turning toward the "Upper Country." Great wheat fields grew on the ridges from Pendleton to the Palouse, and these were made possible by the advent of the railroads, of which the pioneer was the old road down the Walla Walla River to Wallula to con nect with the steamers on the Columbia. Then came the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company up the Columbia, and finally there were rumors that the Northern Pacific had at last

concluded that there were snough sectiments on and complete the job that Congress had been taking mover from the ranchmen's pockets for With the railroad came a new class. There were towns of the markon variety, as well as in the old mining days. One day a party of surfered the turbulent Snake Hiver—the Kimweenum of the Nez Perces, the Lawis River of Lewis and Clarke-where it pours its yellow-ray, of the turbulent Snake Hiver—the Kimweenum of the land-scape, and less vegetation on the soil. Saged and clarke-where it pours its yellow-ray, of the land-scape, and less vegetation on the soil. Saged badgers, rattleenakes, and prairie owis the faund of the land. It had neither beauty nor utility to recommend it, and there were in yellow there may be a rairond, and there must be a way of crossing that haif mile of muddy, rolling water. It was not a boy's job, for at its the snows of the great peaks of the Salmon Hiver and Rocky Mountains were melting the snows of the great peaks of the Salmon Hiver and Rocky Mountains were melting which the snows of the great peaks of the Salmon Hiver and Rocky Mountains were melting very rushed down over its rock bottom in dark sawlris. There must be more than a million dollars suns in the stream before a carcould retrieve at the same times 2,000 mabbank that numbered in the initial 2,000 mabbank that numbere

quietly on the floor. "Wake up and hear the little birds sing." he shouted, and still there was no stir.

"Must be pretty drunk," he muttered, as he walked over and poked the roll with his toe.

Then he pulled the blanket down, and found that his fellow roomer was a corpse.

One day the bridge was completed. Fifteen hundred and forty-one feet it stretched over the stream, with a 'i40-foot draw. April 15, 1884, it was completed, and the old ferry boat Billings, that had carried the cars across the river so long, was 'out of a job." It had been over two years building.

When the bridge was completed the inhabitants began to move away. Some took their houses down and away. Others left them for the rest to take down, which the remaining population promptly did, for firewood. So many went that there were not enough left to fill the offices of the incorporation, and so the place disincerporated. What is more remarkable, all the debts were paid. There was no repudiation. The dissolution was accomplished and left no liabilities. The remaining asset was a silver watch, and it was presented to the Mayor without a dissenting vote.

So departed the city of Ainsworth, It was a city built upon sand and could not stand. It did not wash away, but it might as well have done so, it has as completely disappeared as if it had. To-day twenty acres of broken bottles mark the site—from the number it would seem they laid taken many a bumper to the success of the enterprise—a permanent record that they lived up to the vow to abstain from water.

URI BAXTER'S HONEY CAVE OLD "BEE LINE" HAD TO BLAST A

ROCK TO GET INTO IT. enlation of Several Years of Honey-How Baxter Discovered the tave-His Method of "Lining" Born-His Observations on the Life of the Queen Bres.

LITCHFIELD, Conn., Sept. 12.-1 ri Baxter of Yellow Mountain, to the east of here, or " Bee Line" Baxter, as he is better known by his acquaintances, is a born bee hunter and bee farms er. He has been interested in bees all his long He. He is now 73 years old, and he has more than 150 hives of bees scattered through the clover fields in the valley under the mountain and in adjacent Stub Hollow. Baxter will handle been as another would beans. They have sting him and he does not fear them. And he never misses an opportunity to "line" a wild bre-It is repeatedly told of Uri that he has been shaking with the chills so badly that his daughters have felt constrained to go out and do his field work for him while he would go and stretch himself to sleep somewhere about his farm. And there, where he would lie shaking in the sun, would come along a honey bee floate in the sun, would be the sun of the liquid Litchfield county air. Uri would watch that bee. He has watched honey bees since he was a boy. After the bee had loaded itself with honey he would note which way it flew in departing for its hive. If the bee went toward the new daming maple woods which nearly surround the Baxter bee farm, instead of toward his hives, Url would at once pull from his purket his bee hunting box, containing a small piece of honey

in Uri would liberate it, watch it soar high in the air, and then dart off in a line for its hive. The bee would come back to the honey box and with it would come snother, and these would return again with others until Uri would have a line of bees whizzing back and forth from the box to the still undiscovered and distant hive. By this time Baxter would have perhaps, made up his mind that he was on the track of a settlement of wild bees, and he would steadily advance in the direction taken by the honeyladen flyers, carefully noting the actions of the bees until he found the tree or the cavern where their honey was stored.

in the comb. Into this box, all thoughts of lines,

now vanished, he would decay the first honey

stuffed itself to repletion with the sweets there-

see he could find, and as soon as the bee had

A few days ago Mr. Baxter, by pursuing these tactice, made the largest haul of wild honey that has ever been taken from a single hive in this county, and presumably in Connecticut. The haul has been the talk of his neighbors ever since. He tells the story in this way: "Four years ago last May I lost a fine swarm

of bees 't lit sout from my Yalier Maountin place, an' I callated they'd gone up the manual tin. A swarm of bees in May is with a lead of hay, y' know, an' so I hunted all over that air maountin for them bees, an' finally struck 'em in the crack of a overhanging cliff 'bout sixty foot high. But I couldn't dew nothin' with 'em. 'cause I couldn't git 'em aouter the cliff, They acted ter me as of they'd got inter a cave or sumthin' of the sort, an' by gum, sir, it turns

acted for me as of they'd sot inter a cave or sumthin' of the sort, an' by gum, sir, it turns aout they hed. Year arter year I lined wild bee arter wild bee up that maountain only to find that I was beaten agin' by that air cliff. "An' the bees, they 'peared tew have plenty of room in the cave, fer I noticed it no swarm ever, come outer there. Bees swarm and the over, came outer they, are they want more room. Finally, last July, I got a line of bees tew runnin' up the maountin agin, and, by Jiminy, they went fer the crack in the riff asin, an' I foliered 'em, an' sich a sight I bever seen before. I callate, from what I arterwards faound, 't there was more a thirty swarms of bees 't was a-using that air crack to fly in an' aout from Yessiree! I he air was black with bees. I finally says to myself, says I, well, i'm dinged of I don't tackle ye with a little passwer next I fail, my beauties, arter you gits your golden rod cells capped over.

"An' I did. Lust week I jest went in front of the ledge at dusk 'th my hand hammer an' a couple of drills, an' I put a row of hoice along thet air crack for a short seam blast. An' then I put in some blastin' mowder an' tamperel it well daown with mind. Then I touched the blast of an' run. There was a marster crack in sound arter the explosion, an' a hull lot of the cliff wuz ratifed daown by it, an' I faound I'd made a hole into the cliff big enough to let me into the bee cave. It was now dark, lest afters moon up, but the bees was a buzzin' araound there thicker'n slot, at a rate you never hearn tell of. I an' my boy, we stock a lot of rasseaked in brimstun into the cave, which was abaout the size of eight foot by fifteen, an' ruinnin' to a pint, lit 'em an' then plugged up the entrance to the cave with codars an unors. "Well, by moonup we hed them air bees mother

York party fer filteen cents a paound.

wax I got thirty cents a paound fer. I is wuth more in the comb, y' know.

Mr. Baster knows many interesting about bees. In his hives he has Italian because the Italian stock bresare considerer honeysetters than any other variety. They are quite large and can get honey? They are quite large and can get honey it blossom of the red clover, which the native black bee cannot do. In describ home lite of a hive of honey bress he said.

"Tain't ev'ry one't knows the wonder bee. There's nothin' more cur'ous to in than the actions of a lot on 'em. In a lite find the queen, a few hundred ansser is as many more drones, an' some the of workers. Absout in the middle of the bress build the drone comb, in which the husses her cleaned them hout a queen goes to work an' lays an eag bottom of each cell. Them air cells filled with poillen brought in by the workarian kind given to each 'cordin' as too a drone, a worker, or a nuss is to com. The nusses feed the young, the workers in the honey, and the drones do nothin but eat. Nothin' at tail. They are fer t pose of mailin' with the queen, but we almighty made sich a lot on 'em! he workers in the honey, and the drones do nothin but eat. Nothin' at tail. They are fer t pose of mailin' with the queen, but was almighty made sich a lot on 'em he workers in the honey, and the goes layin' type fer f family. An' she never mates ag in nor the hive outil she goes about with ner swo new quarters. An' if there is no swart he attended to she'll live aout her five he was new quarters. An' if there is no swart he attended to she'll live aout her five he attended to she'll live aout her five he attended to she'll live aout her five he was hear and the most currous part of a queen; he was seed to be a can be give live and the five he she decides it is necessary to leave!

He, an 'die right in the hive she was born in ''. The most cur'ous part of a queen's careful howsumever, to me, is the arrancements the makes for her successor in the hive, perviced she decides it is necessary to leave it with a swarm. Hefore she goes she lars eage in we or three ceils that ar larger then the cities. These air the queen cells, an' she puts in a kind of pollen inter them 't will develous queen bee. Naow arter the old queen has goes the fust queen that hatches aout sentant, wards goes and uncaps the other queen sit, an' so kills all the other queens off. The she takes possession of the live, an' the rest of the bees acknowledge her as their mistress. Arter four days she files out an' up into the air in search of a dream, where she allus goes to mate with one. This gone two or three haours, an' durin this time she's absout as likely to meet with a will be direct as a bound as likely to meet with a will be she's absout as likely to meet with a will be direct as a bound as likely to meet with a will be she's absout as likely to meet with a will be direct as a bound as likely to meet with a will be gone two or three haours, an' durin this time she's absout as likely to meet with a will be gone two or three haours, an' durin this time she's absout as likely to meet with a will be gone two or three haours, an' durin this time she's absout as likely to meet with a will be gone two or three haous covered with glars where Eyetalyun drones air coofficed. But they work that hew queen comes back the bear where welcome her gladly an' she goes to lavin eggs, ez i said, to keep up the suppive of bees. I we, the death rate among the workers is big. There work theirselfs to death in eight weeks or so in the busy season, an' their places heve to be filled. As for the drones, they make me mad. They's too many on 'em in the fust place, she they show many on 'em in the fust place, she they show many on 'em in the fust place, she they show many on 'em in the fust place, she they show many on 'em in the fust place, she

LIQUOR PHOM GAS BURNERS. Bevice of a Portland, Me., Hotel for Evading the Prohibition Law.

Everybody who visits Maine has a different story to tell on his return of his experience in getting drings. The champion story is, perhaps, told by " well-known travelling salesman. He says that when he asked for a drock at a Portland hotel, he was shown into a room, Portland hotel, he was shown into a room, which had nothing in it but a table on which which had nothing in it but a table on which were a pitcher of water and several miners, and a few chairs.

Over the table was a chandeler, with apparently haif a dozen gas burners. When the table cooks were turned, however, not gas, but hand came out of the burners, which were the routed, on the fifes being unsersewed the one observer came whisker; from another, gin. Each burner's supply the connected with a coast of some one of these industrial terrors in the room above.

The man who belie this story says that the indictment papers against the hotel in question for selling liquor would fill a bushe hasket, but none of them will ever be brought to trial; at least, nohe has been yet. Since adopting this device, the hotel has evaded detection.